

Campbell Interurban Press

VOLUME 20, No. 11

CAMPBELL, SANTA CLARA COUNTY, CALIFORNIA

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1914

Do you know Henize Baked Beans are the only really oven baked beans on the market?

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Local and Personal

"The Quality Shop" that's us, KING'S. See the Campbell Cash Shoe Store ad. Try that new Heartside stationery just in at Smith's.

Mr. and Mrs. R. K. Thomas returned from Pacific Grove, Monday.

Mr. I. Zion went to Modesto Monday to visit his son, Judge E. H. Zion, of that city.

For Sale: A single phaeton, first class condition, \$35. Mrs. Mary Savage, at F. S. Newcomb's.

Wedding invitations, announcements and cards, engraved or printed to your order by the Press Printery.

J. H. Hagelin and family left yesterday morning for Sacramento, to take in the State Fair, and visit other points.

G. C. Middleton returned Monday from Farallone and has resumed his tonorial labors, and we're glad to see him back.

Mrs. C. E. Hanger has returned from the hospital and is improving slowly but it will be some time before she can be about.

Nicholas Dunphy spent three days of last week visiting his parents, and Robert will arrive Saturday for an over-Sunday visit.

L. F. Ridley of Cambrian district is running a new five passenger Ford, and very soon will be taking no man's dust on the highway.

Starting Monday, Sept. 21st, the local merchants will close their stores at 6 p. m. instead of at 7, as they have thru the summer season.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Palmer went to Concord for over Sunday and Mrs. Palmer remained thru the week visiting their daughter, Miss Muriel, and friends.

Harold Townsend passed his twelfth birthday Wednesday and in the afternoon the neighbor boys gathered for a good time to help him celebrate the occasion.

Mr. and Mrs. I. Preston left Tuesday afternoon for Portland, Oregon, where they will visit their son, Arthur, and Mr. Horton, an old G. A. R. friend of Mr. Preston.

Mrs. W. S. Gillett came down from San Quentin Tuesday with "Dad" Sturtevant for a visit with the family. Mr. Gillett is expected to run down for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Kennedy returned Friday from their vacation trip in the northern part of the state. They had the pleasure of seeing Mt. Lassen erupt at quite close range.

B. O. Curry is the proud possessor of a new seven-passenger Hudson Six car with all the latest improvements. Now he can carry a whole party of home seekers about the valley.

The furniture of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Mills has arrived at San Jose and they are looking for a house in Campbell. Mrs. Mills is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Sturtevant and has been living in the city.

The annual "Rallies" of the Sunday Schools were well attended at both Churches and very interesting and instructive programs were given. These begin the winter's activities in the Sunday Schools after the summer vacations.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Hollowell of Stockton, Mrs. Archibald Penfield of Yosemite Valley, Miss Hattie Visser and Dr. and Mrs. F. B. Carpenter motored down from San Francisco Sunday and were guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Alexander.

Miss Helen Cowles will go to Claremont Monday to enter Pomona College. She will be accompanied by Gladys McLean, Rev. G. E. Atkinson's niece, who has been here with the family for the past three years. She will go to Arlington to live with her aunt and attend school.

R. A. Holmes Injured

R. A. Holmes, Jr., had a very narrow escape from fatal injury Tuesday afternoon at the G. E. Hyde Cannery. He had climbed up to adjust a belt on a wheel when a set screw caught in his clothing on his chest in such a way as to make breathing an impossibility. Altho unable to call for help it was only amineute before one of his fellow workmen saw his condition and came to his relief.

No bones were broken but he was badly bruised and slightly lacerated but the physician anticipates no permanent injuries. He is resting quite comfortably most of the time and congratulating himself upon his narrow escape.

The company has always taken every precaution to protect its workmen about the plant and this particular set screw is on the main drive shaft near the roof where no danger could be foreseen and Mr. Holmes attaches no blame to the company.

He expects to be about again in a week or so.

Pleasing Gathering

The beautiful country home of L. T. Cook was the scene of a very pleasant gathering Saturday afternoon, when the Misses Adella and Gertrude Cook were hostesses to a number of their friends.

The rooms were most artistically decorated with foliage and "weeds," and the luncheon plates were also gay with beautiful autumn leaves. The refreshments had been arranged with no thought of labor and were almost too pretty to eat.

Needles and tongues vied with each other in making the afternoon pass quickly and everyone had a delightful time.

Lectured On China

A great many ladies of Campbell availed themselves of the invitation to hear Mrs. Harold Smith when she spoke Monday afternoon on "One Missionary's Life in China." Mrs. Smith was dressed in a beautiful Chinese costume which had been part of the trousseau of a Manchu princess, who had presented it to her.

Mrs. Smith has a most charming personality and manner of speaking, and her talk was extremely interesting. It has been her rare privilege to be on terms of friendly intimacy with many of the Chinese royalty and more well-to-do classes, as well as those more commonly accessible to missionaries.

As director of music in the girls' college in Peking she has been able to bring a new phase of life to these people. Her accounts of the concert given by the Girls' Glee Club of her college and the Boys' Club of a neighboring college was very humorous and interesting, being an absolute innovation in that country.

Telling, as she did, experiences so different from those of many returned missionaries, her hearers could have listened indefinitely, but were very grateful for the hour's talk which they did enjoy.

Home and School Club

The Home and School Club held a very profitable meeting Tuesday afternoon. Several new members were present, and gladly welcomed to the ranks. The club hopes to accomplish much definite work this year and solicits the assistance of all the women of the district. They voted to begin their labors by having the slide on the play ground recovered, as it is in a dangerous condition. A program committee is to be appointed to make out a list of things for discussion that are of practical application and vital interest to this school and community.

This Club ought to be yours. It needs you and your help. The next meeting will be October 6. Plan to come.

Camp Fire Social

All who had the pleasure of attending the Camp Fire Social held on the grounds of the Congregational Church Friday evening felt amply repaid for any effort they had put forth to be there. The various committees had perfected all arrangements so that when the children came at 7:30 the good time began. Active games were indulged in until after eight when the program was begun.

Rev. Atkinson offered a prayer of thanks that such occasions were possible for us. Several concert songs were sung, Virginia Isham recited a humorous piece, as did also Mrs. Owens, who spoke at one of the Sunday evening meetings.

Dr. Merrill and Mr. Barron each told several of their good stories, and a male quartet, Messrs. Adam, Lanphear, Smith and Herrington, gave two numbers.

C. H. Whitman closed the evening with a very interesting talk, relating some of their experiences abroad, and explaining conditions relative to the war.

The grounds had been hung with Japanese lanterns, which with the brilliant light of the bonfire made abundant illumination, and weather conditions were ideal for an out-door evening. Quantities of water melons, cantaloupes, apples and grapes, eaten unceremoniously around the fire added to the fun.

The Sunday School appreciated the attendance of so many of the elders, and they in turn thanked the school for the pleasant time.

Congregational Church

"The Friendly Church just around the Corner."

The morning theme for next Sunday will be "Greater Works" following last Sunday's talk. Short talk to the boys and girls on "The Red Badge of Courage." C. E. and Sunday School as usual. No evening service, as the Union meeting is at the M. E. Church. Come to our Sunday School service at 9:45 and study with us the timely topic "The Judgment of the Nations." Classes for all and a welcome.

The evening of Sept. 27 will be "Searchlight Night," Union meeting. Watch for further notice.
GEO. E. ATKINSON, Pastor.

The Finest Strained Honey That Was Ever Sold In Campbell!

Do you remember the "honey with a history" brought all the way from Big Sur—carried twenty miles by pack mule and forty miles by stage—that we sold last year? We have some more of this honey from Uncle John Waters' ranch, and it's the finest flavor you ever tasted; the clearest white you ever saw.

We'll not say much about this honey because it will sell itself, but you will want to know the price, which is

45c a Quart Jar or
25c a Pint Jar—five cents back for each jar when empty.

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Dealer in Groceries & General Merchandise

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We are anxious to serve and TO PLEASE.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED
MILL WORK OF ALL KINDS.

Art Covers and Colored Bristol Board at the PRESS office.

Highland Linen correspondence cards are tasty. Smith has them.

"Chimes of Normandy" choral books may be had at Smith's Stationery store at half price. 50 cts. the copy.

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Your Beef Cattle
Hogs & Calves

A. S. Gilson, Prop.

Christian Science Services

In Odd Fellows' Hall every Sunday morning, at 11 o'clock. Subject for Sept. 20th, is "Matter." Sunday-School at 12:15. The public is cordially invited.

Fancy Box Stationery at Smith's.

Campbell Interurban Press

HARRY C. SMITH

Campbell - - - California

SURPRISED MR. BALL

DESERVED SCOLDING THAT WAS INDEFINITELY POSTPONED.

Father Knew He Was Late, But He Did Not Know of Happening That Made Family So Glad to Welcome Him.

"I never had chicken pie for supper yet," sighed Mrs. Ball, "but your father took that time to be late."

Tom glanced at his watch. "And I have an engagement down town at eight o'clock. If I wasn't going anywhere he'd have been home half an hour ago."

"And it makes supper dishes so late!" murmured thirteen-year-old Marion.

The telephone bell rang and Tom took down the receiver. "Yes, this is Tom. No, he hasn't come home yet. Is that so? Well! Yes, I'll call you as soon as he comes. Good-by."

He tried to speak unconcernedly as he faced his mother and sister. "It was Angie, and she wanted to speak with father."

"What was she telling you about?" broke in Mrs. Ball.

The boy hesitated; then he met his mother's anxious eyes steadily. "She heard that a Myrtle avenue car bumped into a Blossom street car. Nothing very serious, I imagine. Besides, you know father doesn't take that car once a year."

"Yes, he just hates the suburban line," agreed Marion quickly.

Mrs. Ball did not speak. She walked to the bay window and pushed aside the lace draperies with trembling fingers. The children came to her side, and all three peered anxiously into the twilight.

"Here he is!" cried Marion.

Tom shook his head. "Too tall for father. It's Mr. Stevenson. But who is this coming now?"

"Judge Daniels," whispered Mrs. Ball, faintly.

During the next 15 minutes several other late comers in turn roused and disappointed the hopes of the Balls. Then, quite unexpectedly, a familiar little figure came walking briskly up the avenue. Mrs. Ball sighed with relief, and bustled off to the kitchen while the children threw open the front door.

"I guess I'm pretty late," began Mr. Ball, meekly. He stopped in surprise as Tom politely helped him with his coat and Marion solicitously hung up his hat.

"Hurry up, Henry!" called Mrs. Ball, good-naturedly. "I've your favorite chicken pie for supper. It may be a little cold, but I thought it might taste good after a hard day's work."

"I tried to get that Myrtle avenue car," began Mr. Ball a second time, "but I just missed it."

Marion's cool, red lips brushed his. "Now, father, don't stop to talk," she urged; "come and eat."

And the Ball family sat down jubilantly to partake of soggy, lukewarm chicken pie.—Youth's Companion.

American Corn at a French Palace.

Apropos of the visions of the second empire evoked by the visit of the former Empress Eugenie to Fontainebleau, Madame de Hegemann-Linden-crone, author of "In the Courts of Memory," relates an interesting account of her own gala visit to that palace. As the empress had expressed a wish to taste American corn, Madame de Hegemann brought some with her and tried to explain to the palace chef how to cook it—"en robe de chambre." But when it appeared it was still in husk and silk. "I tried," she says, "to make it less objectionable by unwrapping the cobs and cutting off the corn. Then I added butter and salt, and it was passed about; first, of course, to the emperor, who liked it very much; but the empress pushed her plate aside with a grimace, saying, 'I don't like it; it smells like a baby's flannels.' The emperor, seeing the crushed look on my face, raised his glass and said, with a kind glance at me, 'Here's to the American corn!'"

One of Wildest Russian Rulers.

One hundred years ago the Emperor Alexander I of Russia returned to St. Petersburg after an absence of many months, during which time he had taken an active part in the war against Napoleon. Alexander was one of the wisest and most magnanimous rulers of his time. It was to a great extent his firmness and wisdom that led to the overthrow of Napoleon, and, after that event, his magnanimity preserved the city of Paris from the fury of the Russian soldiers, liberated 150,000 French prisoners of war confined in Russia and sought to obtain for his fallen foe the most liberal terms compatible with what he deemed the safety of Europe. One of the first acts of the emperor after his return to Russia was to grant an absolute pardon to all his subjects who had taken part against him in the late war.

Showing Good Work.

Patience—I see in Tasmania dentists are forbidden by law from any form of advertising.

Patrice—But can the authorities make their patients shut their mouths?

In the City of Bremen

JUST at sunset it was that our boat sailed into Bremer-Haven. The sky was tinted all the shades of pink and violet with a tiny bit of yellow at the horizon. The water was white and smooth, only here and there reflecting the colors of the sky. Everywhere overhead, in front and back of the boat sea-gulls were flying. They cut great, graceful circles in the sky with their wings tilted sidewise. Some were resting on the water, moving languidly up and down with the slight motion of the wavelets, and still others were crying and fighting for the waste food that was being thrown from the back of the ship. Their snow-white wings reflected the pale sun-set colors, writes a correspondent of the Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Slowly the boat was steered in between long, narrow points of dark green land. Silhouetted against the sky were wind-mills and tall straight trees. Nothing seemed real for we glided so slowly that we seemed to be on a phantom ship in a dream. The bustling stewards and cabin-boys broke our reverie with the exciting news that the customhouse officials were waiting to inspect our baggage that night and if anything can bring a dreamer back to earth it is a practical German customhouse officer with his formal uniform, his great mustache and his guttural withering query, "Cigarren oder liquer?"

Bremer-Haven is the home of the North German Lloyd steamer officers. These men love the sea and they live as near to it as possible, even after they have retired from active service. They spend their vacations in the Hartz mountains taking walking trips.

Sea Captain's History.

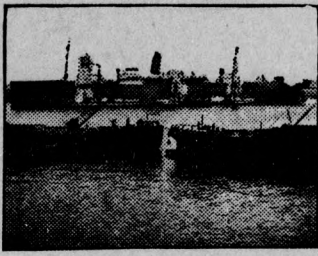
Last June there was an ex-captain on board and he had a curious history. At first he impressed one as being very old, but when he took his cap off we saw his hair was not the least bit gray. He was dressed as much like a real captain as was possible for a man to be. He always wore dark blue with a cap on his head. He was silent and melancholy except when the Titanic disaster was mentioned, and then he defended Captain Smith

the city and if anything should happen to him the people would be very much alarmed about their safety.

Nearly all the important buildings in Bremen are gathered around the Roland and the Rathaus square. The old Rathaus is one of the most interesting in all Germany.

The upper floor of the Rathaus is occupied by the Great Hall, which is always left open to the public. The ceiling of this old hall is very unique, for it is set with the portraits of all the emperors from Charlemagne to Sigismund. In between the portraits are hung models of famous old ships.

The lower floor or cellar of the Rathaus is occupied by a famous rathskeller, where only two kinds of drinks are served—Rhine and Moselle wine. No food can be had unless the wine is first ordered. The rathskeller is a great favorite with the men of Bremen and many have their favorite table, and here they sit and smoke



Unloading Train at Bremer-Haven.

and talk and let the outside world wag as it will.

Bismarck Most Popular Hero.

The end of the Rathaus square is occupied by the cathedral, a tall, uninteresting looking building, with two big towers. Standing at the front door is Bismarck on a horse. It is one of the nicest statues of Bismarck yet erected. In time every city in Germany will have its Bismarck statue, for he is today the most popular German hero.

Next to the cathedral is the exchange. This exchange is neither as large nor as important as the one in Hamburg, but nevertheless a vast



BREMEN TO BARFIELD ELEVATED RAILWAY

with a vim that seemed almost unwarranted. One day the deck steward told us his history.

Three years before he had been a real captain, and no prouder man ever rode the seas. He was taking a freighter through the Mediterranean when suddenly in broad daylight he ran his ship upon a sandbar, and the boat went down. No lives were lost but the cargo was very valuable and his stripes were taken from him, and he was made steamer inspector. It was easy to see why he had so championed Captain Smith and said that disasters can happen to the best of captains. But it is one of the traditions of the sea that a man who has once lost a ship must never be captain again.

Bremen is a very attractive city. Running through the center of the town is a long narrow lake, along whose banks all the fine residences of the city are situated. They are very charming villas, ornamented with many flowers and trailing vines. The lake is full of ducks, little ducks, big ducks, white ducks and black ducks. Their homes are little houses anchored in the center of the lake. They are high and dry and filled with straw for the little ducklings, and far away from the bad boys that grow even in well-regulated, military Germany.

One of the most important things in Bremen is the Rolands, a colossal figure in stone that stands in the Rathaus square, and is the symbol of civic liberty. Roland is as primitive as Cubist art and looks like he might have been a production of that school. He stands very straight and stiff, holding a sword in one hand and a shield in the other. Roland is the mascot of

amount of business is done here without much apparent effort except noise. The men congregate between one and two o'clock, and seem merely to stand around in grouchy.

Back of the exchange is a large square where stands the statue of Gustavus Adolphus, the Swedish emperor. He is dressed in the costume of the days of Charles I, but in spite of his courtly robes he has the fire of a great fighter in his eye. The statue was originally intended for the city of Gottenburg, in Sweden, but as it was being transported from Germany a great storm arose and the vessel was wrecked. The statue was rescued and brought back to Bremen. The German seamen raised a fund, purchased the statue and stood it in their city.

Not far from the Rathaus is another square, which is occupied by a unique fountain. It is a boat containing a beautiful fisher boy, which three mermaids have captured, and they are dragging him into the water. It is very original in composition and design and reminds one of the pictures of Arnold Bochlin.

The stores in Bremen are very attractive, especially if you are an admirer of hand embroidery and beautiful hand sewing. The store windows are full of dainty waists and exquisite things for babies, but a snare, however, for while they are beautifully sewn, the fit is German to the extreme, with no style whatever.

Numerous Ties.

"I don't care much for Lonelyville."

"Why don't you move then?"

"Too many ties. Our neighbor has my card table, another my wheelbarrow and a third my lawn mower."

FOR THE DAILY MENU

EXCELLENT DISHES SERVICE-
ABLE ON ANY OCCASION.

Steak Dumplings—Something of a Novelty—Roll Sandwiches Are Worth Recommending—Poached Eggs in Milk or Cream.

Steak Dumplings.—Cut the steak into finger pieces and let simmer in a very little slightly salted water for half an hour, or until tender, then lift from the gravy and let them drain well. Boil some potatoes until tender, drain, season with salt, pepper, a little butter and a little hot milk; mash and beat up very smooth and make them into a paste with a little flour. Roll each strip of steak into a piece of the potato crust, put them into a dripping pan in which a little butter or drippings have been melted, and let them bake slowly about an hour, or until the potato crust is well browned. Season the gravy in which the steak is stewed with salt, pepper, a few drops of onion juice and a little tomato catsup; add flour to thicken slightly, cook until smooth and serve in a gravy boat. Chopped chicken, or veal, or other tender cold cooked meat may be substituted for the steak, and this makes a very substantial luncheon or breakfast dish.

Poached Eggs in Milk or Cream.—Butter an egg poacher and half fill the pan beneath with boiling water. Break in the required number of eggs, and as soon as they begin to grow firm add two tablespoonfuls of milk or cream. When firm, place upon rounds of buttered toast and season with butter, salt and pepper. Garnish with parsley.

Roll Sandwiches.—The bread for these should be fresh and should be wrapped for several hours in a wet cloth, wrung out of cold water and then with a dry cloth outside of this. Cut off the crust, cut in thin slices and spread with only preferred paste. These are served at both receptions and with the salad at dinner, and may be nothing more than plain bread and butter sandwiches. They may be fastened with either a toothpick or a narrow ribbon, but some vegetable fiber is best.

Club Sandwich.—This is one of the heartiest kinds of sandwiches and may constitute almost a whole meal. It may be three stories high, and the bread is commonly toasted and cut across into diamonds or triangles, sometimes after the filling is put in. This consists of a lettuce leaf, on top of this a thin slice of breast of chicken, and then very thin broiled ham or bacon, with such individual finish of pickle or olives as the taste suggests.

Pumpernickel Sandwiches.—Put a very thin slice of pumpernickel bread between two thin buttered slices of white bread. Boston brown bread cut not quite so thin may be used in the same way.

Meat Sandwiches.—Almost any kind of cold meat may be cut in nice, thin slices and used for sandwiches. Rare roast beef for this purpose may be seasoned well with salt and pepper and tomato catsup, and then have some thin slices of dill pickles added. Chicken and turkey always furnish the daintiest of meats for sandwich use and good mutton is not to be scorned.

Two Savory Sauces.

A good tomato sauce can be made from the fresh fruit, the canned or the bright red catsup. Simmer a can of tomatoes with two cloves and a small slice of onion for three-quarters of an hour. Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter in a small saucepan and add two tablespoonfuls of flour. When brown and smooth stir into the tomato, season with salt and pepper and strain.

Or take one-half pint of catsup, heat, add one-half cupful of soup stock and thicken with a teaspoonful of flour stirred in cold water.

Gooseberry Fool is Delicious.

It is getting near the time for gooseberries. I wonder how many make this English dish. Head and tail one quart of gooseberries, put in porcelain pan with one pint of water and cook until fruit turns yellow and swells; drain well, press through a colander and let cool after adding two cups of sugar. Beat the yolks of two eggs light, adding one quart of milk and a dash of nutmeg. Cook until like thin cream, add the gooseberries and serve perfectly cold.—Exchange.

Summer Mats.

If you have any odd bits of cretonne left from making draperies or pillow covers, make the pieces into round or square mats and edge them with the cheap torchon lace one can buy on the bargain counter for five and ten cents a yard. Bureau scarfs and table scarfs of cretonne, edged with lace, tone in well with summer draperies at the windows and covers on the furniture.

Ham Roll.

One-half pound of ham, one-half pound of steak, two eggs, two ounces bread crumbs. Season with salt and pepper, mix the meat, beat eggs and mix all together with the bread crumbs. Flour the board and make into a roll, tie in cloth and boil (in boiling water) for about two hours.

A Bit of Economy.

Water when macaroni has been boiled in it makes a nice, thin starch for lingerie garments. Also gives a pretty gloss in colored gingham.

New Indian Animal Stories

Why the Turkey Gobbles

By JOHN M. OSKISON



Children, Color Up This Picture.

(Copyright, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Long time ago, in the still dusk of the woods away up on side of a rough mountain, the turkey gobblers used to come out on the little patches of smooth grass and talk to one another.

And down by the river, where the houses of the people fronted the sunset, the little Indian boys would hear the talk of the turkeys and ask the old men why it was that the turkeys had such funny voices. And before the daylight had quite gone, the old men would tell this story:

It was in a time when the birds and the animals used to play ball together, when it was hard for the animals to believe that the birds were really better players, and when they had a game every few days.

Now, in these ball games, it was the grouse who had the best voice for hallooing. It was the grouse who kept close to the great eagle, who was the captain of the bird players, and cried aloud the orders which the great eagle gave.

It wasn't that the voice of the grouse was so loud—the great eagle himself had a louder voice, and the hawk could scream so that you could hear him farther, but the voice of the grouse had something of music in it, very clear and very easy to understand.

The turkey had just got a fine red beard to hang under his chin and he wanted to make his voice sweeter, for it wasn't very good. So one morning the turkey went to call on the grouse, and even before he sat down he told the grouse that he wanted to be taught to make his voice sweet.

"Well, you take a seat and I'll study

about it," said the grouse. And the grouse scratched his head and fell into a long study and didn't pay any attention to the turkey, who just couldn't wait to hear how to change his voice.

At last the grouse stood up and said:

"I will teach you how to improve your voice, but first I must have a present." So the turkey asked what it was the grouse wanted. And the grouse said that he wanted a collar of fine feathers to put round his neck.

"Will these feathers do?" asked the turkey, and he pointed to a row which he wore around his legs.

"Yes," said the grouse. So the turkey took them off and gave them to the grouse.

He was left then with bare legs clear up past the knees, but the turkey didn't care; and the grouse was well pleased with his new feather collar—so well pleased that ever since he spends a great deal of time ruffling and smoothing it.

Finally the grouse asked the turkey to follow him into the woods and get upon a log. And the grouse got up on the log, too, and said:

"Now, when I give the signal by tapping on the log you must hallo just as loud as you possibly can." And when all was ready the grouse tapped on the hollow log, as he knows how to do, so that the noise went booming through the woods.

But so excited was the turkey, and so much noise did the grouse make when he tapped on the hollow log, that he could not raise his voice to shout, but could only gobble. And ever since then, whenever he has stopped feeding and thinks he hears a noise in the woods, he gets excited and gobbles.

POOR MANNERS OF CHILDREN

Some Parents Inclined to Take Advantage of Neighbor's Kindness—Love Is Valuable Asset.

Some mothers are so blind to their children's faults that they allow them to impose, not only on them, but the whole neighborhood. Because I love children and have been kind to them I have had varied experiences with them. I regret to say that some parents are inclined to take advantage of kindness shown to their children and a busy mother has often had her cares doubled by this imposition. She cannot remonstrate for fear of causing trouble. So rather than complain she assumes the trouble of her neighbor's children day after day.

The child shows the effects of careless training and has an appetite that is never satisfied. I suppose most neighborhoods have a specimen of this sort. The child is to be pitied and the mother should realize the injury she is doing her child and her too patient neighbor. We lose more than we can estimate by shifting our responsibilities.

As love is the most valuable asset in the world, and as no one has ever had too much of it, as it is a quality always in demand and the supply is never equal to the demand, it is well to give some thought to its ways and means of manufacture. Girls and boys have an immense advantage over those who carry the heavy responsibilities of life. It is right and proper that the heads of the family should have come into their inheritance and that their burdens should be sweetened by the loving attentions of their children.

A mother can hardly begin too early to teach her little son to wait upon her and his sister, and to lift his hat in greeting and to eat carefully and without haste. Habits of cleanliness may be cultivated, I have found, through the magic art of praising. Flattery has its uses and small doses of it help us all along difficult ways at times.

We must not forget in our earnestness that we are only grown up chil-

dren. So be children occasionally and bring yourselves into harmony with them. You will win their confidence and be in constant sympathy with them. To instruct a child into the useful lines of life you must teach him and believe yourself that little tasks well done are the first important steps to a successful career.

SAIL PROPELS BOY'S WAGON

Good Stiff Breeze Is Necessary and Fairly High Speed Is Attained—On Any Brick Pavement.

Every boy who loves a boat and has only a wagon, can make a combination affair in which he can sail even though there is no water for miles around. One boy accomplished this as shown in the illustration, and the only assistance he had was in making the sails.

The box of the wagon is removed and the boat deck bolted in its place.



Sail for Boy's Wagon.

The deck is 14 inches wide and 5 feet long. The mast consists of an old rake handle, 6 feet long; the boom and gaff are broomsticks, and the tiller is connected with wire to the front axle, which gives perfect control of the steering. The sails are made of drilling.

On a brick pavement the sail wagon can draw two other wagons with two boys in each, making in all five boys. Of course, a good wind must be blowing. With two boys it has made a mile in five minutes on pavement.

FABLES IN SLANG

GEORGE ADE

The New Fable of the Man Who Was in Position to Take Advantage of a Good Thing.

Once there was a prosperous Manufacturer who had made his Stake by handling an every-day Commodity at a small Margin of Profit.

One Morning the Representative of a large Concern dealing in guaranteed Securities came in to sell him some gilt-edged Municipal Bonds that would net a shade under five per cent.

"I'll have to look into the Proposition very carefully," said the investor, as he tilted himself back in his jointed Chair. "I must have the History of all previous Bond Issues under the same Auspices. Also the Report of an Expert as to possible Shrinkage of Assets. Any Investment should be preceded by a systematic and thorough Investigation."

Having delivered himself of this Signed Editorial he dismissed the Bond Salesman and went back to his Morning Mail.

The next Caller wore a broad Sombrero, leather Leggings and a Bill Cody Goatee—also the Hair down over the Collar. He looked as if he had just escaped from a Medicine Show. After lowering the Curtains he pro-

and he decided to let one of them have her Wish at last.

He hunted up one aged 24 and broke the Glad News to her and she told him not to rattle his Crutches over the Mosaic Floor as he went out the Front Way.

He is now living at a Club organized as a Home for Men who have Gone Wrong.

When he pushes the Button the Bell-Hops match to see who will be Stuck.

MORAL—There is an Age Limit, even for Men.

The New Fable of the Morning on Which He Should Have Overlept.

One Morning a Precinct Parasite owing Allegiance to a Political Party of Progressive Principles went around to the dingy office of a Fuel Supply Co. to pull off the customary Fake Primary.

He was met at the Door by a broad-faced Lady of benevolent Mien and black Ribbons on her Nose-Glasses, who told him to use the Mat and not track up the Place.

"What is the Idea?" asked the alcoholic Henchman looking vainly about for Bottle-Nose Burley, Mike the Pike,

A CONSCIENCE FUND

How an Apparition Followed a Victim Into the Desert and "Delivered the Goods."

By LYLE L. COLE.

After walking 350 miles without finding a town which pleased him, Oakley left the railroad track and turned into the tawny desert.

He walked ten or a dozen miles farther, straight across the shimmering sand, lashed by the thousand whips of the sun, and then stopped to think the matter over.

Looking backward over the path he had followed, he was pleased to see that even the faint, bluish, perpendicular lines that had marked the location of the telegraph poles were no longer visible. There was nothing in sight to remind him of human beings.

The sun was still high and the heat which had made the morning almost unendurable was yet oppressive.

After satisfying himself that he was, indeed, beyond the probable reach of human eyes, Oakley stood for a few minutes, meditating.

"I don't really believe that they have any idea where I am, and I doubt if they are still trying to find me," he said. "But I can't stay in a town two days without getting nervous. Every policeman I see appears to have difficulty in keeping his hands off from me, and I just have to dig. I feel safer out in the open, where there isn't anything but animals—where everything skulks, the same as me."

He sat down in a partially shaded niche in one of the rain-gashed buttes, and fanned himself with his frayed hat.

"Somebody says a guilty conscience doeth us up like a patent medicine," he mused. "Wonder why consciences aren't more appropriately distributed. Some men, like me, who have outgrown the need of one, have enough to bother four men, and some who need one badly are turned loose without any."

"One would suppose that when a fellow gets to the point where he can kill another man his conscience would give him little trouble."

"What was that?"

He sprang up suddenly. "Oh, I see. Go it, you long-eared collection of legs," he said, with relief, as a jack-rabbit hastened toward a line of bushes across the valley.

Oakley followed slowly along the path taken by the rabbit. He knew the bushes were greasewoods, and thought there must be a stream near.

Upon approaching nearer he thought he saw a man standing motionless near a bush. Therefore he turned quickly and slunk back along the ragged edge of a dry run.

There was something suspicious, he told himself, in the fact that a man was doing nothing, or anything, in such a wilderness, and he could not afford to take any chances. He crept to the top of the butte and cautiously took a position where he could watch the row of greasewoods.

Lying flat on his stomach under the hot sun was trying work. He thought of something he had learned at school—something about earning bread by the sweat of his brow.

"Seems to me I've paid for about five good leaves already," he remarked, after half an hour had passed. "But where are they? I never did believe half of those copy-book tales."

He shifted to one side, and continued his reverie.

"Now, I can't see why that fellow wants to stand there in the hot sun like an imitation of Lot's wife. 'Tain't natural, nor even sensible. Oh! You're coming over here, are you? All right, mister. My latch-string's hanging out, and there's only one of you, so receiving callers is not going to be at all tedious."

Oakley laid an old revolver in a depression in the sand.

"You aren't much like the gun the horse thief stole from me," he said, addressing it meditatively. "It ain't at all likely you'd shoot if I was to hit wild horses to your trigger, but as far as looks go you're a sight more impressive than none."

Several times the man straggling across the gleaming sand stopped and shaded his eyes with his hand, scanning the horizon in all directions, but always completing the search with a glance at the butte where Oakley lay sweltering.

Oakley watched him curiously. There was something familiar about him. Was it his manner of walking? Oakley could not determine. Suddenly the man vanished from sight.

Oakley rubbed his eyes and stared out across the vibrating heat waves. No one was in sight. Absolutely no living thing could be seen anywhere. And yet Oakley could have sworn that a moment before a man was coming slowly toward him. He stood up and peered eagerly into the desert. The look of wonder on his face changed quickly to one of alarm. Ah! Now he had it. It had suddenly dawned upon him that the one he imagined he had seen was French. No one else walked like French.

And if that was French there was but one conclusion, Oakley said to himself. He was going insane. French he knew to be dead, for he had killed him. Therefore, French could not be walking over the desert. Oakley knew now that he was beginning to see visions, to conjure up vengeful shapes, and to grope in mental darkness.

Insanity—horrid, gibbering lunacy—had tracked him, self-driven from the companionship of men, far out into the

wilderness. It had left the railroad track and the telegraph poles, even as he had done, and followed him.

It would always follow him. Oakley realized it all at once. There was no escape. No desolate region far from the haunts of men was secure from this insidious, insatiable Nemesis. No spot, crowded to the utmost by other men, was inaccessible to this clammy monster of the brain. Yet Oakley shuddered at the thought of separation from his kind.

Picking up his revolver, he turned to descend the butte.

There before him stood French, grinning amiably.

The revolver fell to the ground, filling its muzzle with dirt. With a wild shriek Oakley dashed away. French put out a nimble foot and brought him to the ground, where he lay, stunned.

When Oakley regained consciousness French was sitting near by, cross-legged, masticating tobacco.

Oakley sat up, and the apparition handed him a piece of the weed. Oakley took it and examined it carefully. It appeared to be genuine. Then he arose, and, walking up to the apparition, felt cautiously about the head and shoulders. The genuine "feel" was there also.

Oakley looked for a moment out over the sand toward the railroad track, shook his head doubtfully, and sat down.

"Lord, what a place!"

"Well, what's the matter with it?" asked French.

"Everything is so sort of confusing, I can't quite see clearly," replied Oakley.

French took from his pocket a roll of bills, and separating several from the roll, handed them to Oakley. "See any better now?" he queried.

Oakley thumbed them over doubtfully, his mind still in a haze. After a pause he said slowly: "Well, yes, I think the dawn is gradually illuminating my darkened vision, and yet I can't—What is this money for?"

"That's your pay for killing me," responded French glibly, "and a recompense for the anguish of mind which must have been yours when considering your awful deed. You see, Oakley, old man, when you became so angry at me, back in our little home town, and attempted to put me where I could no longer arouse your indignation, you failed utterly—didn't even touch me with your bullet. When I fell, dazed by the bombardment, you evidently thought I was dead. Any way, you fled. Living, as I did, a bachelor on the outer edge of town, no one heard the shot and no one came to investigate. I happened to be out of money."

Oakley interrupted: "As usual."

"I saw a chance for a scheme," continued French. "My friend, the physician, came at an opportune time to see me, and with his assistance as the certifier of my death I passed from the knowledge of men, was duly and mournfully buried, and by unimaginable toil, together with the kindly aid of my beneficiary, succeeded in realizing upon some fraternal insurance that happened to be fully paid up."

"Then you—you aren't dead?" said Oakley meekly.

"No, but pretty near it. What with following you through the infernal estate country that was ever left out doors for the wolves to howl in, in order to reimburse you for being the founder of my success in life, or death, as you might say, and also considering the hard labor I endured tryin' to establish my identity as a dead man, I am about dead."

"Oakley," he concluded wearily, "don't you ever try to accumulate wealth by the life insurance plan. Saw wood or tend sheep, but don't try to get it by dyin' falsely."

Oakley passed his hand over his forehead. When he drew it away it was covered with cold sweat, and thinking still of the apparition out on the hot sand, he declared solemnly that he never would.

After a few minutes of silence, he said, holding out his hand awkwardly. "I don't feel so angry at you as I did, partly because I've had a lesson that ain't down in the copy-books, and partly because it is an unusual experience for a man to have his victim pay him for tryin' to kill him. Let's shake."

"Perfectly agreeable," said French amiably.

"It was a good thing for me, financially, that you once took to murderin'. Let's go back to town and spend some of our money."

(Copyright.)

Story of Families Much Alike.

The romantic lives of the Rothschilds and the Guggenheims, the two richest families in the world, are strangely similar. In each instance the first representative of the family to start the fortune called together his sons. Five there were of the Rothschilds, seven of the Guggenheims. In each case the fable spun by Aesop concerning the bundle of sticks which cannot be broken if held together, but so easily destroyed each by itself, was told in the fashion of the man who told it.

Both urged loyalty to the faith of Moses and commanded their boys to obey their mother in all things and remain united in the family by intermarriage—"and you will be rich among the richest—the world will belong to you." There have been no defections from the house of Rothschild; but one from the house of Guggenheim. And large portions of the world do belong to them.

Literal.

"It must be a bitter experience to have to eat the bread of a stranger." "I should say so, with all the exposures they are making nowadays of the bakeries."

WINCHESTER "Repeater" Smokeless Shells.

If you want a good low-priced Smokeless powder "load," Winchester Factory Loaded "Repeater" Shells will surely suit you. They are loaded with the standard brands of powder and shot, good wadding and with that same care and precision which have made the Winchester "Leader" the most popular and satisfactory high-grade shell upon the market. Some shooters insist that Winchester "Repeaters" are better than other makers' highest grade shells. A trial will tell the tale. Don't forget the name: Winchester "Repeater."

THE YELLOW SHELL WITH THE CORRUGATED HEAD.

HAVE NOT SAME VIEWPOINT

Logic and Argument Mean One Thing to a Man and Another to a Woman.

"Logic" is the rock on which the views of man and woman split. He "knows" that she is inconsistent, she that he argues only for the joy of hearing his own wisdom. Each knows that convincing the other is a gift not granted by the high gods unto mortals. But the knowing fails to keep them from debating until debate threatens to degenerate into wrangling and feminine tears and masculine vehemence of expression bid them cease.

Each is right and both are wrong. Man refuses to be convinced, woman is incapable of being convinced. The source of the difficulty lies in the fact that logic and argument, like truth, mean one thing to him and another to her. Man enjoys argument, the pitting of wits against wits and power versus strength, even if he be worsted, but woman dislikes it instinctively, even if she prove a winner. The reason is that he is born for battle and self-assertion, she for peace, whose essence is self-denial, if not self-effacement.

To man argument is a good deal of a mental game of chess, to woman it is an earnest clash of two personalities.

Man will wage wordy warfare with man over the merits of a point of honor or those of a security, and put the best of him into the intellectual and verbal duel, and not seldom lose his temper for the moment or the hour; but when the war of words is over he thrusts the affair behind him, has no personal feeling as regards his opponent and many even acknowledge that there was foundation for opinions he withstood. But woman argues about the deeper feelings or thought in regard to such problems as politics, religion or virtue and takes the matter with terrible seriousness as an affair of life and death. Her regard for sincerity and truth, as she understands these qualities, makes the debate one to be expressed in terms of personality.

When two such standards and methods of argument as man's and woman's come together we have the spiritual analogy to the physical phenomenon of an irresistible force encountering an immovable obstacle. Too often the outcome is an everlasting smash. But the issue is inevitable. It was forecasted in the first recorded conversation between man and woman—that of Adam and Eve in Eden after eating of the tree of knowledge of good and evil. It will continue thus to the end of days.—Spokesman Review.

Shake Into Your Shoes

Allen's Foot-Paste, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting, sweating feet. Makes new shoes easy. Sold by all Druggists and Shoe Stores. Don't accept any substitute. Sample FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.—Adv.

Fire Chief "Made Time."

Fire Chief John Kenlon had a rather novel experience in reaching an early morning blaze recently. When four alarms were sounded for a fire at a yacht and engine plant at Morris Heights, in The Bronx, the chief hopped into his red automobile and started for the northern borough. At Lenox avenue and 127th street the engine "went dead." This didn't stop the chief, for he ran to the nearest "L" station and rode to the viaduct at Eighth avenue and 155th street, where he spied a private touring car. After waking up the chauffeur and flashing his badge he jumped in and was whisked up Sedgwick avenue, as he said later, hitting only the high spots, until he reached the fire. The chauffeur admitted it was the fastest clip he had ever driven, and added that his speedometer must have thought it was its birthday.

Sore Eyes, Granulated Eyelids and Sties promptly healed with Roman Eye Balsam.—Adv.

Electricity in Japan.

Within ten years the electric wire mileage of Japan has increased from less than ten thousand to more than thirty-five thousand, the electric railway mileage from less than one hundred to more than seven hundred and the power production from less than forty-five thousand to more than three hundred and forty-five thousand kilowatts.

Dr. Peery's Vermifuge "Dead Shot" kills and expels Worms in a few hours.—Adv.

Two Illinois inventors have patented a trap which attracts insects within it by a lighted lamp so that they come into contact with electrically charged wires and are killed.

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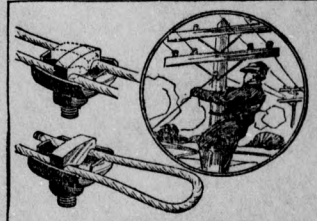
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Quick Method of Clenching as Well as Splicing or Making Loops Offered by Frenchman.

A late French invention offers a quick method of fastening wire cables to supports, as well as of splicing or making loops in them. A base, provided with a screw pin for inserting in the pole, is grooved so as to permit the insertion of the cable on either side of the central pivot. After



Clamp for Fastening Cables.

the cable is in place, the turning of the pivot head locks the cable firmly in position. Thus either two cables may be secured or one cable may be looped and held by the same device.

Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills put the stomach in good condition in a short time. Try them for sick stomach, Biliousness and Indigestion.—Adv.

Use for Tantalum.

Though tantalum has been known for a century, it was not commercially useful until Moissan in 1903 brought it into the limelight through the electric furnace. It is found in the Black Hills of Dakota. The most important use to which tantalum is put is in the manufacture of filaments for incandescent lamps.

Putnam Fadeless Dyes make no muss.

A new portable electric lamp has a base that may be fastened to furniture with a spring clip or to any smooth surface by a suction cup, while a spring takes up the slack of the feed wire.

Most Skin Trouble Readily Overcome

The Active Principle of a Famous Remedy Works Wonders.



Many people have marveled the way S. S. S. overcomes skin troubles. The explanation is the fact that S. S. S. works in the blood and the blood is really a most intricate and extraordinary mass of arteries and veins.

When you come to realize that the skin and the flesh beneath are composed of a network of tiny blood vessels you solve the mystery.

There are wonderful medicinal properties in S. S. S. that follow the course of the blood streams just as naturally as the most nourishing food elements.

It is really a remarkable remedy. It contains one ingredient, the active purpose of which is to stimulate the tissues to the healthy selection of its own essential nutrient. And the medicinal elements of this matchless blood purifier are just as essential to well-balanced health as the nutritious elements of the meats, grains, fats and sugars of our daily food.

Not one drop of minerals or drugs is used in its preparation. Ask for S. S. S. and just insist upon having it. And if you desire skilful advice and counsel upon any matter concerning the blood and skin, write to the Medical Department, The Swift Specific Co., 529 Swift Bldg., Atlanta, Ga.

Do not allow some venal clerk's eloquence over something "just as good" as S. S. S. to fool you with the same old mineral drugs. Beware of all substitutes. Insist upon S. S. S.

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He Produced a Glistening Nugget.

duced from a Leather Pouch a glistening Nugget which he had found in a lonely Gulch near Death Valley.

The careful Business Guy began to quiver like an Aspen and bought 10,000 shares at \$2 a share on a Personal Guarantee that it would go to Par before September 1.

MORAL—It all depends on the Bait.

The New Fable of the Dancing Man Who Wore Out His Pumps and His Rating.

Once there was a Porch Rat, who was also a Parlor Snake and a Ham-mock Hound. He worked the popular Free Lunch Routes for thirty years before deciding to hook up and begin paying for his own Food and Drink.

When he started flitting from Bud to Debutante to Ingenue to Fawn to Broiler to Kiddykadee back in 1880 he was a famous Beau with skin-tight Trousers, a white Puff Tie run through a Gold Ring and a Hat lined with White Satin, the same as a Child's Coffin.

In 1890 he was parting his Hair in the Middle, in imitation of a good Bird Dog, and had been promoted to the Veteran Corps of the iron-legged Dancing Men and the Insatiable Diners-Out. He would eat on each Week and repay them every Christmas by sending a Card showing a Frozen Stream in the Foreground and Evergreen Trees beyond.

In 1900 he was beginning to sit out some of the numbers. Also, when he got into his Evening Togs, his general Contour suggested that possibly he had just swallowed a full-sized Watermelon without slicing it up. But he was still Johnny-answer-the-bell when it came to Dinner Parties.

In 1910 he carried a little Balloon under each Eye and walked as if he had Gravel in his Shoes. He was still trying to be Game, although he had a different kind of Digestive Tablet in each Pocket and would rather tackle Bridge than the Barn Dance.

The Path was becoming Lonely and the whispering Trees seemed tall and forbidding. He decided to whistle for a Companion. The Dear Girls had been dogging him for three Decades

and Smitty the Dip, who always had been his Associates in the sacred Task of registering the Will of the People.

Instead of the old familiar strong-arm Phalanx he saw a Bevy of Plump Joans who were hanging Chintz Curtains, arranging a neat design of Sweet Peas around the Ballot Box and getting ready to fire up a Samovar. When he glanced into the Polling Booth and saw that it was draped with Dollies he nearly had a Hemorrhage.

"This is the Glad Day you have heard so much about," replied Laura Chivington Cadbury, displaying her Dainty Badge, which showed that she was a Judge. "You will be expected to wear Gray Gloves with a Morning Coat and put a Gardenia in your Lapel. As the Voters arrive you will softly inquire their Names and lead them along the Receiving Line and make sure that each is given either a Macaroon or an Olive."

That evening when they sorted the Votes and decided to throw out all that were Soiled or folded Improperly, he was over in a corner making out a list of Guests for the waiting Reporters.

MORAL—Equal Suffrage will have a demoralizing Effect on one of the principal Sexes.

France's Birth Rate.

In France last year births exceeded deaths by but 41,901. This is a bad showing, but is far from being the worst France has made in recent years.

In 1907 there were 19,071 more deaths than births, and this record was passed in 1901, when there were 742,114 births and 776,983 deaths. The vital statistics of France are full of gloomy suggestions to French publicists, whose sentiments are voiced by the Temps in remarking that the population increase in Germany in 1913 was 20 times that of France. The significance of this comment becomes apparent when we remember that Germany's army expansion forced France to return to the three-year service system. Germany has a surplus of recruits every year, whereas France is compelled to increase length of service because it cannot command an increase of recruit supply.—Boston Transcript.

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SOCIETIES.

Charity Notice

Charity Lodge, No. 362 F. & A. M., Campbell, Cal. Stated meetings held on the second Monday of each month.
C. H. Whitman, W. M.
James Fahlinger, Secretary.

Independent Order of Odd Fellows

Morning Light Lodge, No. 42, meets every Thursday evening in Odd Fellows Hall. Sojourning brothers are cordially invited to attend the lodge meetings.
Howard Trussell, Noble Grand.
E. C. Merrill, Secretary.

Patrons of Husbandry

Orchard City Grange, No. 333, meets on the second and fourth Tuesday evenings at the Odd Fellows Hall. Sojourning members are cordially invited to attend.
J. E. Wiesendanger, Worthy Master.
Mrs. Edna Keesling, Worthy Secretary.

Patrons of Husbandry

Patrons of Husbandry, No. 569, meets on the second and fourth Saturday evenings at Odd Fellows Hall. Sojourning members are cordially invited to attend.
MR. WM. COLEPLAND, President.
Mrs. S. J. Brandenberg, Secretary.

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A Close Call

Fire started in the kitchen of Mrs. Pannell's home last evening about 5 o'clock but by her presence of mind and a generous use of flour the blaze was put out in about two minutes.

Mrs. Pannell was filling the gasoline stove which she thought was turned out when a blaze rushed up the wall. She set the oil can down and ran for the flour bin tipping the can over in her haste. From this a blaze ran up the other wall and under the cooking table. While getting the flour can her face and right hand were quite badly burned but it is that that no scars will result. The remarkable feature of the occurrence was the fact that Mrs. Pannell had put out the fire single-handed.

The chemical engine was rushed to the scene just in time to hear "Fire's out."

Gilbert Newcomb left Tuesday afternoon for Corvallis, Oregon where he will resume his studies at the Agricultural school.

Arthur McCarty and E. A. Barker returned this week from the Trinity region with a knowing grin. They had venison alright, alright.

Marshall Ross is growing some pears these days. Some measure 6 inches in length and 12 inches in circumference. Can you beat it?

Messrs. Wiesendanger, Sawyer et al started today with search warrants to recover certain of rather scaly goods known to be in the vicinity of Monterey Bay. Luck be with them.

The steel tower for the new Fire bell has arrived at the Whitman hardware store and plans for its erection will be begun at once. It is the plan that the Fire Laddies do most of the work to curtail expenses as far as possible. You may be called upon to assist in one way or another and you are willing and ready.

SPOTTING POISON IVY.
It is strange how many folks there are between twenty and eighty that do not know poison ivy by sight. This ignorance might not make so much difference were it not for the fact that the green leaves of the ivy are very glossy and handsome, while in the fall they are among the most gorgeously colored of the autumn leaves, presenting a most inviting appearance for any who may be in search of leaves for decorative purposes. The plant may be easily avoided if one will remember that it has three leaves, which are roughly oval in shape and with a somewhat smooth edge. A Maine reader reports relief from the effects of the poison by applying to affected surfaces a paste made by moistening fresh wood ashes with water. Another reports a permanent and speedy cure by coating the affected parts with a lime-sulphur solution. Some people are so sensitive to the poison that they will break out if they get within two or three rods of the growing ivy when moisture conditions are right and the wind is blowing from the vines toward them.

TYPES OF COTTONWOOD.
Cottonwood trees are of two types as regards the cotton bearing and non-cotton bearing habit. In selecting seedlings or purchasing such trees from nurseries it is well to take the precaution of seeing that one gets the noncotton bearing kind. One can easily propagate his own seedlings by cutting scions eight to ten inches long from the vigorous shoots growing from the base of trees of the desired variety. This should be done in the late winter or early spring before the buds start. The cuttings should be buried in a sheltered place out of doors or in a box of sand in a cold cellar and when the ground is in shape for cultivation should be planted two feet apart in furrows of good depth and far enough apart to permit cultivation, allowing two or three inches of the tips to show above ground. If the soil is dry the cuttings should be watered. The seedlings will make a growth of from two to four feet the first season. They may be transplanted the following spring into their permanent place or may be taken up a year later.

A CHILDREN'S BUREAU.
Along with a good deal of discussion and attention paid to the raising of cotton, corn, hogs and the like, it is worth making note of the fact that a children's bureau has been established at Washington and that an appropriation bill carrying \$164,000 has passed the lower house of congress and will likely become a law in the near future. This money will be spent for aid and publicity work having definitely in view the improving of the condition of mothers and children all over the land. A number of useful and very valuable bulletins have been prepared which may be had free by any one writing to the children's bureau, Washington. Some of the subjects treated are "Parental Care," and "Baby Saving Campaigns," along with bulletins giving statistics of similar welfare work done in other countries.

A PRETTY SLIM MARGIN.
Farmers who own good land in the United States and may be thinking of selling out and going to Canada to make their fortunes raising wheat would do well to digest the following figures as to the cost of producing wheat in the province of Saskatchewan, which have lately been published by a government commission: The investigators found that the cost of producing a bushel of wheat in the province mentioned was 55 cents per bushel, while the price the growers received for the same f. o. b. country points was 62 cents a bushel. The report states that the cost of producing a bushel of wheat has increased 12.15 per cent since 1909, while there has been a slump in the price received from \$1.15 cents per bushel to the present price level.

SHOULD KEEP ACCOUNT.
It does not require a very complicated type of bookkeeping to keep a record of the several items of expense entering into the total cost of producing the several kinds of farm crops and farm animals. Time was when land was not worth more than from a third to a half what it is now that such a system of accounting may not have been necessary, but with all good cleaned land worth from \$100 to \$300 per acre, depending upon soil and nearness to central markets, the landowner is confronted with a different situation. From very force of circumstances he must know what the cost of producing crops and stock is and where the leaks are, if any.

A VALUABLE BULLETIN.
Every farm home that does not have an up to date sanitary sewage system should have a new bulletin on this subject which has recently been issued by the department of agriculture at Washington. It contains forty-six pages, has thirty-eight illustrations and takes up the subject in a practical fashion. The sanitary system recommended provides for four chief features—a pure water supply, the pumping storage and distribution of the water supply, a durable and simple plumbing system and a safe disposal of farm sewage. The booklet may be had free by writing the department at Washington.

J. E. Trigg

THE RECKONING.

What do they reck who sit aloof on thrones,
Or in the chambered chancelleries apart,
Playing the game of state with subtle art,
If so be they may win, what wretched groans
Rise from red fields, what unrecorded bones
Bleach within shallow graves, what bitter smart
Pierce the widowed or the orphaned heart
The unhooded horror for which naught atones!

A word, a pen stroke, and this might not be!
But vengeance, power lust, festering jealousy
Triumph, and grim carnage stalks abroad.
Hark! Hear that ominous bugle on the wind!
And they who might have stayed it, shall they find
No reckoning within the courts of God?

—Clinton Scollard in New York Sun.

Sunnyside Notes

Miss Mary Phelps, well known among Sunnyside residents, has opened millinery parlors in Quincy, Plumas County and is doing well.

Miss Leila Dodson who has been in Quincy for several months has returned to her home.

Mrs. M. J. Wilson and Mrs. J. S. Cuxack of Wellington, Colorado, nieces of Mrs. Wm. Donaldson of Sunnyside are settled for the year in San Jose and will visit back and forth between the two towns.

Mrs. Ella Grant, a niece of Mrs. Donaldson and who lately returned to her old home in North Bend, Nebraska, has again returned to San Jose and will remain for some time with her relatives.

The County Library

The installation of the County Library at Campbell presents a problem which is as yet hardly appreciated by our people. We refer to the money required to pay a local librarian.

The books are paid for by the Supervisors, but the locality receiving the books is expected to provide a suitable room and a responsible custodian.

Here at Campbell the County Woman's Club has provided the room, paying also for lighting and heating the same. The County Librarian will allow five dollars monthly toward expenses, and the County Woman's club is willing to duplicate this amount, in addition to what it has already done. Miss Mary Lewis has been secured to act as Librarian, and to assist Prof. James with the work of our local library. The amount necessary to continue the work must be given by the people of Campbell and vicinity.

The work of maintaining our local library, as well as caring for the books loaned by the County, must be met by the people themselves, both those who use the books, and those who are proud of the choice collection already belonging to the town.

Contributions for this purpose may be handed to members of the Library Board, of which Dr. Cooper is President and C. H. Whitman, Secretary, or may be left with Miss Lewis, at the Library.

LILLIE F. SHAW,
Cor. Sec'y Library Board.

Harold Morton went to San Francisco Tuesday to pass muster with his company, the California Greys.

Mrs. H. B. Newton and daughter of Hollister will come to Campbell Tuesday to visit their friend, Mrs. C. J. Ludwig.

Mrs. W. H. Crothers returned home from the hospital Monday and is rapidly improving. She was able to be out for a short time yesterday and today.

Local and Personal

Called meeting of the W. C. T. U. Wednesday afternoon next at the home of Mrs. Poor.

Mrs. M. Wade went to Santa Cruz Monday called there by the serious illness of her nephew.

As a result of the titling week for the Dry Campaign, the Congregational C. E. raised nearly \$15.

Claude Gard wishes to express his thanks to the fire boys and others for the readiness with which they responded to the fire alarm. The chemical was there about 5 minutes after the alarm was given.

Prof. Charles Alexander of Boston will be here Friday evening, Oct. 2nd and speak at the Congregational Church. "An hour with Paul Lawrence Dunbar" is his subject and he comes highly recommended by others of his hearers.

Mrs. J. C. Ainsley, R. Alison, G. W. Page and W. E. Wright entertained the M. E. Aid at its annual meeting yesterday at the church. The newly elected officers are Mrs. H. S. Williams, vice-president; Mrs. E. W. Preston, secretary, and Mrs. C. G. Hanger, treasurer. The president will be elected at next meeting.

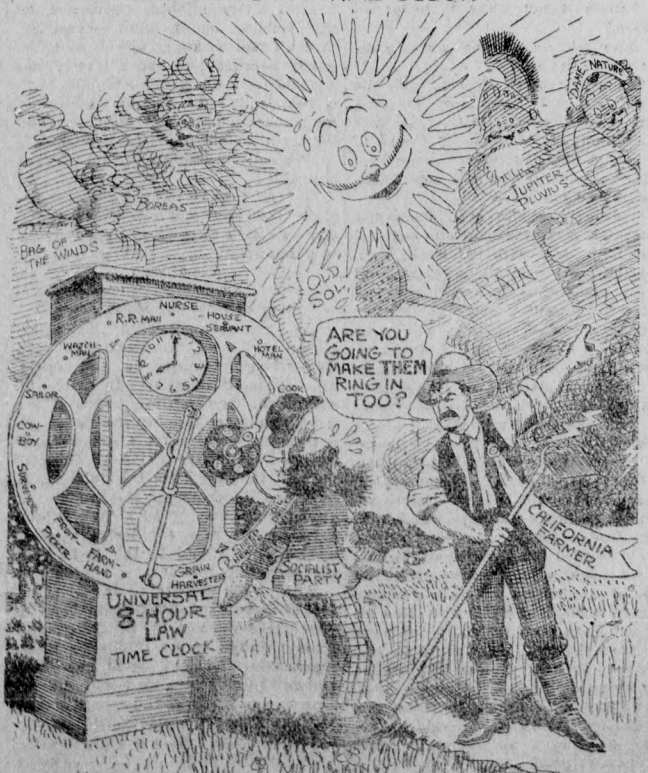
More New Books

The County Library is proving so popular that almost the entire list of 50 new books received two weeks before was loaned out by Monday. Miss Lewis phoned to County Librarian, Miss Huntington, and twenty more were received and put on the shelves that evening. Here is given the last list.

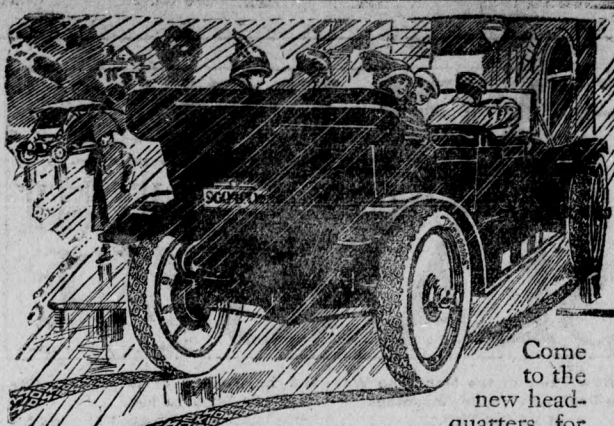
1. Barbour—Four Afoot
2. Bennett—Master Skylark
3. Burnett—Little Lord Fauntleroy
4. Carleton—New Lives for Old
5. Colodi—Pinocchio
6. Courtney—Pictures of Polly
7. Evans—Once to Every Man
8. Gregor—Camping On Western Trails
9. Harker—Follies of Redmarley
10. King—Letter of the Contract
11. Lock—Joyous Adventures of Aristide Pujol
12. London—White Fang
13. Moffat—Desert and Mrs. Ajax
14. Montgomery—Chronicles of Avonlea
15. Porter—At the Foot of the Rainbow
16. Porter—Miss Billy, Married
17. Porter—Miss Billy's Decision
18. Richmond—Twenty-fourth of June
19. Stocking—Via P. and O.
20. Warde—Betty Wales, Junior.

The County Library, Campbell Library and Reading Room will be open Monday, Wednesday and Saturday evenings from 7 to 9, and Thursday afternoon from 3:30 to 5:30. Notice the change of time.

FARMING BY A TIME-CLOCK.



OVER 80,000 PRACTICAL WHITE FARMERS OF CALIFORNIA
SAY THIS LAW IS IMPRACTICABLE AND MEANS RUIN TO OUR AGRICULTURE.
Vote "No" on Universal 8 Hour Law, Proposition No. 3.



Come to the new headquarters for Tires and Accessories—where you get the extra Firestone quality at the price of only medium grade.

Firestone

Tires, Tubes and Accessories
Give Extra Quality at only average price because Firestone builders are Tire Specialists and the Firestone Factory is the largest in America where only tires are made. Come in today and learn why Firestone efficiency can give you—
Most for Your Money—In First Cost and Final Economy

E. W. Preston
Campbell, Cal

VERY LOW RATE FROM THE EAST TO -CALIFORNIA-

SEPT. 24TH TO OCT. 8TH.

Deposit Your Money Here and We will Complete All Arrangements and Handle by Telegraph if Desired.

From New York via S. P. Steamers

First Class	\$65.00
Second	55.00
Steerage	45.00

In connection with second class from New Orleans.

FROM			
Boston	\$55.15	Omaha	\$30.00
St. Louis	35.50	Kansas City	30.00
New Orleans	35.60	Chicago	38.00

FROM MANY OTHER POINTS IN PROPORTION

Rail and Steamship Tickets Sold from and to All Points

Agent, E. SHILLINGSBURG,
C. BERRY. Dist. Pass. Agt., San Jose, Cal.
Southern Pacific

The wagons of the California Cleaning and Dyeing Works

call regularly Tuesday and Friday of each week at the homes of Campbell for work. Prompt delivery.

FIRST CLASS CLEANING GUARANTEED

Leave orders at
The Campbell Bakery
R. Engel, Agent
Works at
387 W. Santa Clara St., San Jose

J. C. Lloyd
General Repairing
Horse shoeing \$1.50 and \$2.00

Robert L. Blaine
News Agent for Daily
San Francisco Papers
Delivered at Your Door

BUILDING A LIFE.
A few colored threads are of no special worth, but when a skillful hand has woven them into tapestry they become priceless and enduring. A few brushes and oils and dyes are valueless by themselves, but when the artist uses them they produce the masterpieces of fame. So the materials may seem poor and valueless, but out of them immortal joy may be found.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, Lucas County.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

(Seal) A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

J. F. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

Sold by druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

CERTIFICATE OF INDIVIDUAL DOING BUSINESS UNDER FICTITIOUS NAME.

KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS, That I, the undersigned, do hereby certify and declare that I transact business in the State of California, under a fictitious name, to-wit:

CAMPBELL LUMBER COMPANY.

That my name in full is subscribed below, together with my address. That the principal place of business is now at Campbell, in the Township of Campbell, County of Santa Clara, State of California, and that I am the sole owner of said business.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF I have hereunto set my hand and seal this 11th day of September, 1914
WALLACE THEODORE MORTON.

Residing at Campbell, Township of Campbell, Santa Clara County, California.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

County of Santa Clara.

On this 11th day of September, in the year A.D. nineteen hundred and fourteen, before me, B. O. CURRY, a Notary Public in and for the said County of Santa Clara, State of California, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared, WALLACE THEODORE MORTON, known to me to be the person described in, whose name is subscribed to, and who executed the within instrument, and he duly acknowledged to me that he executed the same.

Witness my hand and Official Seal at my office in said County of Santa Clara, the day and year in this certificate first above written.

B. O. CURRY,
Notary Public in and for the County of Santa Clara, State of California.

Those who till the soil are the chosen people of God.

Farming is as old as the human race and is yet in its infancy.

No farmer is successful who thinks more of his barn than he does of his home.